And hide me with a dead man in his,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me trem ble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtaind wife to my ſweet loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow nigh t looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A co ld and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Sh all keepe his natiue progreſſe but ſurceaſe
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
Too many aſhes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor w omaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the a cting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolue, ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength, & ſtrength ſhall helpe afford
Farewell deare father. *Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurſe, and*
Seruing men, two or three.

Ca: So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.
Ca. How canſt thou trie them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, tis an ill Cooke that cānot lick his own finger therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time what is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Ca. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfe willde harlotry it is. *Enter* Iuliet.
Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merrie looke.
Ca. How now my headſtrong, where h aue you bin gadding
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition,
To you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iuls. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Ca. Why I am glad ont, this is well, ſtand vp,
This is aſt ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
I marrie go I ſay and fetch him hether.